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# TO STRIKE AGAIN



4

***ALL-ACTION ISSUES EVERY MONTH***★ No. 145 **FIGHTING COMMAND**

Every time he risked his life, the fate of a division hung in the balance.

★ No. 146 **TIME FUSE**

Ten seconds to zero . . . the countdown to destruction !

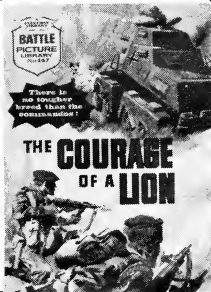
★ No. 147 **THE COURAGE OF A LION**

There is no tougher breed than the commandos !

★ No. 148 **SWORD OF HONOUR**

They wore their badge of shame into the last great battle . . .

**BATTLE  
PICTURE  
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MARCH 16th  
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# TO STRIKE AGAIN

THE BRITISH NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER IS THE BACKBONE OF THE ARMY. HE MUST BE TOUGH TO THE POINT OF RUTHLESSNESS, COOL IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, UNFLINCHING IN THE FACE OF DEATH.



## Chapter 1. Tyrant Sergeant

SERGEANT ROYAL WAS IN HIS ELEMENT IN THE WESTERN DESERT CAMPAIGN, FORGING THE RAW INFANTRYMEN UNDER HIS COMMAND INTO FIGHTING SOLDIERS.

HOLD YOUR FIRE UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD! IF ANY ONE OF YOU DOZY LOT FIRES BEFORE HE RECEIVES THE WORD OF COMMAND, THERE'LL BE TROUBLE!



THE HARSH YET COOL ORDERS OF THE N.C.O. STEADIED THE MEN AS THE ENEMY CAME OVER THE SKYLINE.

WAIT FOR IT—  
WAIT FOR IT...



HE JUDGED HIS MOMENT TO PERFECTION FOR HE WAS A PROFESSIONAL — AND WAR WAS HIS TRADE.



UNDER THAT SHATTERING FUSILLADE, THE LEADING RANKS OF AFRIKA KORPS WERE THINNED TERRIBLY, BUT THEY DID NOT STOP.

FORWARD! SCHNELL!  
SCHNELL! THERE ARE NOT  
MANY OF THE ENGLANDER  
SWINE!



## To Strike Again

BUT THOSE FEW BRITISH WERE WELL LED AND HAD AN INNER COURAGE THAT SUSTAINED THEM WHEN THE GOING WAS TOUGHEST.



WITH A GALLANT, ALMIGHTY EFFORT, THEY FLUNG BACK THE ATTACK...



BUT SERGEANT ROYAL AND HIS MEN WERE DESTINED NOT TO RECEIVE THE NEXT GERMAN ASSAULT...

THAT WAS A FINE SHOW, SAR'NT ROYAL! BUT WE'RE PULLING OUT NOW! ANOTHER BATTALION IS TAKING OVER.



CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY, SIR. THE MEN AREN'T AS TIGHTLY DISCIPLINED AS I'D LIKE. STILL, I EXPECT I CAN SHAKE 'EM DOWN INTO SOMETHING LIKE SOLDIERS — IN TIME!



THE LIEUTENANT HID HIS SMILE. EVERYONE IN THE REGIMENT KNEW THAT SERGEANT ROYAL WAS NEVER HAPPY UNLESS HE HAD HIS MEN ON THE JUMP. THE RELIEVING FORCE TOOK OVER THE FOXHOLES AND SLIT TRENCHES...

IT'S ALL YOURS, SIR—AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE, THOUGH JERRY SEEMS TO THINK IT BELONGS TO HIM.

OFF YOU GO! WE'LL ARGUE WITH JERRY ABOUT THAT FROM NOW ON.



## To Strike Again

SERGEANT ROYAL AND HIS MEN REJOINED THE BATTALION WHERE REINFORCEMENTS REACHED THEM.



AMONG THAT DRAFT OF REPLACEMENTS MARCHED PRIVATE ROBIN FORD...





## To Strike Again

AS THE MEN CAME TO A HALT, SERGEANT ROYAL RIVETED THEM WITH A PIERCING GLARE.

D'YOU CALL THAT A HALT? WE'LL TRY IT AGAIN — UNTIL YOU HALT AS ONE MAN! SQUAD, LEFT — TURN!



HE KEPT THE DRAFT MARCHING AND COUNTER-MARCHING IN THE BLAZING DESERT SUN.

PICK 'EM UP THERE! YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW! SQUAD — SQUAD, HALT!



AS ONE, THE BOOTS THUMPED DOWN...

SOUNDED LIKE A ROLL OF DRUMS! I WANT TO HEAR A SINGLE CRACK! WE CAN MARCH AROUND HERE ALL DAY UNTIL I DO!



THE SWEAT STREAMED DOWN THEIR FACES, THE DUST STUNG THEIR EYES AND DRIED THEIR MOUTHS — BUT THEY MARCHED ON!

HE'S NOTHING BUT A SADISTIC SWINE! THOSE THREE STRIPES ON HIS ARM DON'T GIVE HIM THE LICENCE TO TORTURE US!

SHUT UP, FORD, FOR PETE'S SAKE! HE CAN DO WHAT HE LIKES — HE'S A SERGEANT!

ROYAL CAUGHT THE MUTTERED WORDS FROM THE RANKS ...

SO! SOMEONE WANTS TO HAVE A PLEASANT LITTLE CHAT, EH? SQUAD — SQUAD, HALT!

UNEASILY, THE DRAFT STARED TO THE FRONT, EACH MAN UNCOMFORTABLY AWARE OF THE FORBIDDING PRESENCE OF SERGEANT ROYAL.

WHEN YOU MARCH UNDER MY COMMAND YOU MARCH AT ATTENTION! IS THAT UNDERSTOOD? THERE WILL BE NO TALKING IN THE RANKS ...



ROBIN FORD'S ICILY DISTANT AIR GOT UNDER SERGEANT ROYAL'S SKIN...



THAT WAS THE BEGINNING. FROM THEN ON, ROBIN FORD COULD DO NO RIGHT IN THE EYES OF SERGEANT ROYAL.



SO IT WENT ON, THE DISCIPLINED FANATICISM OF ROYAL REMORSELESSLY PITTED AGAINST THE UNSOLDIERLY INDIFFERENCE OF FORD.



EVEN HIS BROTHER N.C.O.'s COMMENTED UPON HIS ATTITUDE TO PRIVATE FORD...



EVEN FORD'S FEW BRIEF PERIODS OF REST AND RELAXATION WERE DENIED HIM BY THE IMPLACABLE SERGEANT.

COME ON, ROB!  
WE'VE ONLY A TWELVE  
HOUR PASS SO WE CAN'T  
AFFORD TO WASTE A  
MINUTE OF IT!

HOLD IT, FORD!  
I'VE A FEW JOBS FOR  
YOU—JOBS THAT WILL TAKE  
ALL DAY. GET CHANGED  
INTO YOUR FATIGUES!

THAT WAS THE LAST CHANCE  
THE YOUNG PRIVATE HAD FOR  
LEAVE. THE FOLLOWING DAY,  
THE BATTALION EMBARKED—  
FOR GREECE!

WE HAD A  
SMASHING TIME,  
ROB—PITY YOU  
MISSED IT. WHAT'S  
GOING TO HAPPEN  
IN GREECE IS  
ANYBODY'S  
GUESS.

ONE THING'S  
SURE—I'LL STILL  
HAVE BLOOD-AND-  
THUNDER ROYAL  
ON MY BACK!

IN GREECE, THE BATTALION WERE TRANSPORTED RAPIDLY NORTHWARDS, THERE TO AWAIT THE GERMAN ONSLAUGHT...

WE'LL MAKE A STAND, OF COURSE— BUT I DOUBT IF WE'LL STOP THE JERRIES HERE.

IF WE'RE GIVEN EVEN ODDS WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, SIR. BUT THAT'S MORE THAN WE CAN HOPE FOR, I GUESS.



THE OMINOUS PROSPECT BEFORE THEM HAD NOT CHANGED SERGEANT ROYAL'S DOMINEERING ATTITUDE.

MOVE THAT ROCK, YOU IDLE LAYABOUT! THIS IS GOING TO BE THE BEST DEFENSIVE POSITION IN THE WHOLE OF GREECE!



PRIVATE ROBIN FORD STARED UP  
SULLENLY AT THE SERGEANT...

HE NEVER LETS ME  
ALONE! HE PICKS ON  
EVERYONE FROM TIME  
TO TIME, BUT  
ME—HE DRIVES  
ME LIKE A  
PACKHORSE!



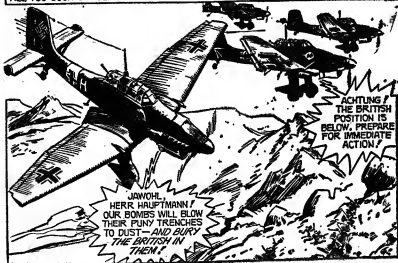
TAKE IT  
EASY, ROB! IF  
HE SEES YOUR  
FACE HE'LL PUT  
YOU ON A CHARGE  
FOR HARBOURING  
MURDER!

AND  
WOULDN'T I JUST  
LIKE TO, NOBBY!  
THAT MAN'S JUST  
PLAIN VICIOUS!

STOP THE  
NATTERING! THE  
JERRIES WON'T WAIT  
FOR YOU TO FINISH  
YOUR GOSSIP!



ALL TOO SOON SERGEANT ROYAL'S WORDS WERE PROVED TRAGICALLY CORRECT...



ACHTUNG!  
THE BRITISH  
POSITION IS  
BELOW. PREPARE  
FOR IMMEDIATE  
ACTION!

JAWOHL,  
HERR HAUPTMANN!  
OUR BOMBS WILL BLOW  
THEIR PUNY TRENCHES  
TO DUST—AND BURY  
THE BRITISH IN  
THEM!

THE STUKAS—THE DEADLIEST, MOST TERRIFYING WEAPONS OF THE NAZI BLITZKRIEG—BEGAN THEIR MERCILESS BATTERING OF THE BRITISH LINE OF DEFENCE.



THEIR ACCURACY WAS UNCANNY, THEIR DESTRUCTIVE AND DEMORALISING POWER OVERWHELMING.





AT LAST IT WAS OVER. AS THE STUKAS WINGED VICTORIOUSLY AWAY THE BRITISH SURVIVORS CRAWLED OUT OF THE SMOKE AND CARNAGE...



IT WAS THE REALLY INHUMAN MONSTERS THAT WERE THUNDERING TOWARDS THE BRITISH LINE...



THE LIEUTENANT KNEW THE CHANCES OF HIS MEN WERE SLIM... BUT HE ALSO KNEW THAT THEY WOULD FIGHT UNTIL ORDERED TO RETREAT...



BRITISH TWENTY-FIVE POUNDERS OPENED UP, FIRING LOW OVER THE LINES, PLUNGING THEIR DEADLY SHELLS INTO THE ADVANCING NAZI COLUMN...



ONCE MORE, SERGEANT ROYAL'S MEN  
FACED TOUGH NAZI INFANTRY. THIS  
TIME, NOT THE AFRIKA KORPS, BUT  
THE CONQUERORS OF HALF EUROPE!



DESPITE THE SMOKE AND CONFUSION,  
THE WICKED SNAP OF BULLETS AND THE  
LONG HAMMERING ROLL OF AUTOMATIC  
FIRE, SERGEANT ROYAL STILL BADGERED  
HIS MEN.



HIT 'EM HARD AND  
PUT EVERY SHOT SMACK  
IN THE BULL! THE ARTILLERY  
HAVE HELD UP THE PANZERS  
—IT'S ONLY JERRY INFANTRY  
IN FRONT OF YOU NOW!

ROBIN FORD'S MOUTH WAS DRY, HIS HANDS CLAMMY, AS HE TIGHTENED HIS GRIP ON HIS RIFLE.



BUT EVEN IN THAT VIOLENT MOMENT, SERGEANT ROYAL SHOWED HE WAS NOT AS OTHER MEN...



BY SHEER FORCE OF DISCIPLINE, ROYAL MADE THEM HOLD THEIR FIRE UNTIL THE MOST EFFECTIVE MOMENT...



BUT SUCH A POWERFUL NAZI ONSLAUGHT COULD NOT BE HURLED BACK EASILY BY A MERE HANDFUL OF BRITISH...



SERGEANT ROYAL DROVE HIS MEN ON, LASHING THEM WITH A HARSH TONGUE, FORCING THEM TO FIGHT AND DIE RATHER THAN GIVE GROUND.



NAZI STORM TROOPERS AND BRITISH INFANTRY CLASHED IN FIERCE AND MERCILESS HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT...



MIRACULOUSLY AND GLORIOUSLY, THAT SURGING NAZI ONSLAUGHT WAS HELD, BUT AT A BITTER PRICE...

WE'VE SEEN 'EM OFF! THEY'RE RUNNING!



BUT THE EXHAUSTED SURVIVORS OF THE BRITISH BATTALION WOULD NEVER WITHSTAND ANOTHER SUCH ATTACK. THE ORDERS TO WITHDRAW WERE GIVEN...



THE BATTALION JOINED THE LONG WITHDRAWAL DOWN THROUGH GREECE TOWARDS THE SEA...

## Chapter 2. The Worm Turns

TO SAFEGUARD THE MAIN LINE OF RETREAT, PATROLS WERE PUSHED OUT ON THE FLANKS TO CHECK FOR ENEMY MOVEMENT. SERGEANT ROYAL WAS IN COMMAND OF ONE SUCH PATROL...



IT SO HAPPENED THAT A MARAUDING GERMAN PATROL HAD TAKEN SHELTER IN THE COTTAGE AND WERE WATCHING THE APPROACHING BRITISH WITH GREEDY INTEREST.





BUT THE NAZI FELDWEBEL WAS DEALING WITH A SOLDIER WILY IN THE ARTS OF WAR — A MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE FOR DANGER.

NO SIGN OF MOVEMENT — BUT THERE'S SOMEONE IN THERE, ALL RIGHT! MUST BE JERRIES! THIS LITTLE BUSINESS MIGHT BE INTERESTING, AFTER ALL!



WITH GRIM CONFIDENCE, SERGEANT ROYAL GAVE HIS ORDERS...

THE FLANK ATTACK WILL SHOVE JERRY OFF BALANCE — THEN WE CAN GO IN AND FINISH HIM. YOU STAY WITH ME, FORD — I COULDN'T TRUST YOU ALONE, NOT WITH JERRY ABOUT...



THE RESENTMENT THAT HAD BUILT UP INSIDE ROBIN FORD DURING THE LONG WEEKS, BUBBLED DANGEROUSLY NEAR THE SURFACE NOW...

HE'S LIKE SOME TIN-POT GOD! DO THIS — DO THAT! HE NEVER LETS UP! HE'S GOING TO GO TOO FAR ONE DAY — AND THAT DAY MAY BE SOON!

KEEP YOUR FOOL HEAD DOWN, JACKSON! I DON'T CARE IF THE JERRIES BLOW IT OFF, BUT I DON'T WANT THEM TO KNOW WHERE WE ARE!



ROYAL LED THE TWO MEN WITH HIM ACROSS THE HILLSIDE UNTIL THEY REACHED THE LIP OF A GORGE THROUGH WHICH A RIVER RAGED FAR BELOW.



THIS IS AS FAR AS WE GO. WE'LL RUN STRAIGHT ALONG THE EDGE OF THIS GORGE AT THE COTTAGE AS SOON AS THE FLANK ATTACKS START! GOT IT?

AT THAT MOMENT, PRIVATE JACKSON MADE HIS LAST STUPID MISTAKE ...



AAAGH!

THE DIM-WITTED NINCOMPOOP! I WARNED HIM! NOW THE JERRIES KNOW EXACTLY WHERE WE ARE — TOO EARLY!

ROYAL'S CALLOUS INDIFFERENCE TO A MAN'S DEATH MADE PRIVATE ROBIN FORD SEE RED.

**YOU BUTCHER!** POOR JACKSON'S DEAD BUT YOU DON'T CARE A FIG! YOU DRIVE MEN UNTIL THEY CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT. WELL, I'M FINISHED!

WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT, FORD?



I'M FINISHED, SERGEANT ROYAL—I'M CLEARING OUT, RIGHT NOW!

DON'T TALK LIKE A FOOL, FORD! YOU'RE STAYING HERE AND FINISHING THE JOB WE'VE STARTED...



IN THE STRESS OF THAT MOMENT, SERGEANT ROYAL FOR ONCE FAILED TO ESTIMATE CORRECTLY THE TEMPER OF ONE OF HIS MEN...

YOU DO YOUR OWN DIRTY WORK FROM NOW ON! YOU'VE HOUNDED AND DRIVEN ME FOR THE LAST TIME—I'M NOT TAKING ANY MORE!

SO HELP ME, I'LL PUT YOU ON THE BIGGEST FIZZER YOU'VE EVER BEEN ON IN YOUR LIFE! EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE A SORRY APOLOGY FOR A SOLDIER, I NEVER DREAMED YOU WERE A COWARD!



BLIND WITH ANGER, ROBIN FORD LASHED OUT  
AT HIS TORMENTOR...



SERGEANT ROYAL TOTTERED BACKWARDS—TOWARDS  
THE LIP OF THE GORGE!



AND WITH AN INARTICULATE YELL,  
SERGEANT ROYAL VANISHED  
INTO THE GORGE!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE FLANK ATTACK  
WENT IN ...



BUT ONLY ROBIN FORD WAS LEFT TO THE FRONT OF THE GERMAN POSITION — AND HE WAS CAUGHT IN A NIGHTMARE OF HORROR.



CRAZED WITH HORROR AND FEAR, FORD RAN MADLY AWAY FROM THE COTTAGE, OBLIVIOUS OF SPANDAU BULLETS THAT SWISHED VICIOUSLY ABOUT HIM.



HOW FAR HE RAN, PANTING AND STUMBLING OVER THE ROCKS, ROBIN FORD NEVER KNEW. BUT, AT LAST, HE COULD RUN NO MORE...



HE STAGGERED ON — INTO THE EVENING TWILIGHT AND JUST WHEN FORD FELT HE COULD NOT MOVE ANOTHER STEP, HE SAW A SMALL BUILDING AHEAD OF HIM.



RISKING EVERYTHING, FORD KNOCKED AT THE FARMHOUSE DOOR.



FORD WAS GIVEN A WELCOME, FOOD AND DRINK, TRADITIONAL GREEK HOSPITALITY...



FORD'S APOLOGETIC WORDS WERE DROWNED BY A DEEP RUMBLING VOICE, A VOICE THAT CARRIED THE RASP OF AUTHORITY...



THE POWER AND IMPACT OF THIS GREEK'S PERSONALITY LEFT AN INDELIBLE IMPRINT ON ROBIN FORD'S MIND.



THAT IS GOOD—I THOUGHT YOU WERE NO MISERABLE DESERTER. NOW, EAT UP, FOR WE HAVE WORK TO DO THIS NIGHT!



LATER, THE GROUP OF GREEK GUERRILLAS ASSEMBLED IN THE DARKNESS AND ROBIN FORD JOINED WITH THEM, ACCEPTED WITHOUT QUESTION...



GREGOS' BEARDED FACE SPLIT INTO A GRIM SMILE.



THE GUERILLAS MOVED FAST AND SURELY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS THEY KNEW SO WELL UNTIL THEY WERE IN POSITION ABOVE A GERMAN CONVOY...



WITH ONLY THE HARSH STAMMER OF CAPTURED SCHEISSERS TO HERALD THEIR ASSAULT, THE GREEKS SWEEPED DOWN ON THE ENEMY TRANSPORT COLUMN.



THE NIGHT ECHOED TO THE CRASH OF GUNFIRE AND THE YELLS OF BATTLING MEN — AND ROBIN FORD WAS IN THE THICK OF IT.



BULLETS LASHED THE GROUND AROUND THE ENGLISHMAN AS HE DIVED FOR THE GERMAN'S SCHMEISSER...



THEN, WITH ONE SINGLE DEADLY BURST, HE DISPOSED OF THE NAZI SHOOTING AT HIM...



THEN A SMOKE-BLACKENED AND TRIUMPHANT GREGO'S ORDERED HIS MEN TO COVER...



WITH MANY A ROUGH JEST, THE HAPPY GUERRILLAS MOVED AWAY INTO THE HILLS AGAIN.



BUT DESPITE THE GREEK GUERRILLAS' HEROIC HARRYING OF THE GERMANS, THE NAZI BLITZKRIEG SWEEPED DOWN THE GREEK MAINLAND, HAMMERING THE BRITISH IMPERIAL FORCES TOWARDS THE SEA...



THE NEWS OF THE BRITISH WITHDRAWAL AT LAST REACHED GREGOS AND HIS FEROCIOUS BAND OF GUERRILLAS . . .

THE BRITISH HAVE BEEN KICKED INTO THE SEA. ALWAYS THE GERMANS WIN — ALWAYS IT IS THE SAME . . .

THEY MAY BE WINNING NOW, GIORGIOS, BUT REMEMBER — THE BRITISH ALWAYS WIN THE LAST BATTLE ! THAT'S THE ONE THAT COUNTS !

A GRIM SMILE OF AMUSED RESPECT TOUCHED GREGOS' TOUGH FACE . . .

WHAT ROBIN SAYS IS RIGHT ! THE BRITISH MAY BE DEFEATED NOW — BUT THEY WILL BE BACK ! UNTIL THAT DAY, WE MUST STRIKE THE NAZIS HARD AND OFTEN !

## Chapter 3. *Truth of Command*

IN THE BITTER MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, GREGOS AND HIS BRAVE FOLLOWERS DID JUST THAT.



## To Strike Again

AS TIME WENT ON, THE BEARDED GREEK AND THE YOUNG ENGLISH SOLDIER GREW CLOSER TOGETHER, TRUE COMRADES IN BATTLE . . .



IN THE LOCAL GARRISON TOWN, MAJOR STOLZ, NAZI COMMANDER FOR THE DISTRICT, FROWNED ANGRILY OVER HIS MAPS . . .





THEN WE MUST  
MEET CUNNING WITH  
CUNNING / I SHALL BAIT  
A TRAP FOR THEM. WHEN  
THEY ARE ALL SAFELY  
GATHERED IN THEY WILL  
BE SHOT — EVERY  
LAST ONE!



MAJOR STOLZ'S EVIL MIND SOON EVOLVED A PLAN  
THAT COULD NOT FAIL .

THERE IS MY BAIT—  
AN ORDINARY GERMAN  
ARMY LORRY, BUT IT IS  
A LORRY WITH A  
SECRET...



AT DAWN, AS THEY WAITED ABOVE THE ROAD, GREGOS SPOKE TO ROBIN FORD SOMETHING OF WHAT WAS IN HIS HEART...

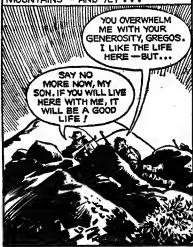
YOU HAVE COME TO MEAN MUCH TO ME, ROBIN. YOU HAVE NO FAMILY, NO TIES... WHEN THE WAR IS OVER, I WANT YOU TO COME AND LIVE ON MY FARM — AS MY SON! YOU WILL BE RICH AND HAPPY...



ROBIN FORD ADMIRERED AND RESPECTED THE GRIM GREY WARRIOR OF THE MOUNTAINS — AND YET...

YOU OVERWHELM ME WITH YOUR GENEROSITY, GREGOS. I LIKE THE LIFE HERE — BUT...

SAY NO MORE NOW, MY SON. IF YOU WILL LIVE HERE WITH ME, IT WILL BE A GOOD LIFE!

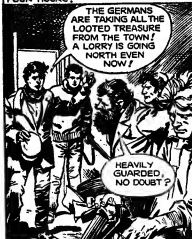


AT THAT MOMENT, THE LOOKOUT WHISTLED SOFTLY AND AT ONCE THE TWO MEN WERE BACK IN THE HARSH WORLD OF THE PRESENT...

THEY COME! AND WE ARE READY!



THE SECRET OF THAT GERMAN LORRY WAS TOLD TO GREGOS WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!



EAGERLY, THE GREEK LAD POURED OUT THE FULL STORY...



EVEN AS THEY MOVED OUT OF THEIR HIDE-OUT TOWARDS THE ROAD ALONG WHICH THE CONVOY WOULD PASS, GREGOS FINALISED HIS PLANS.



## To Strike Again

AS THE SUN BEGAN TO RISE ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS, THE CONVOY ROLLED STEADILY TOWARDS THE AMBUSH.

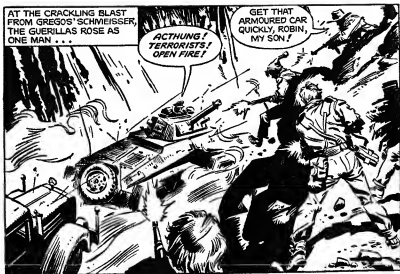
GRENADES  
READY! WHEN  
I SHOOT—THROW!

MOLOTOV COCKTAILS  
ALL READY FOR THE  
ARMOURED CAR, GREGOS.  
THOSE JERRIES WON'T  
KNOW WHAT'S HIT  
'EM!

AT THE CRACKLING BLAST  
FROM GREGOS' SCHMEISSER,  
THE GUERRILLAS ROSE AS  
ONE MAN ...

ACTHUNG!  
TERRORISTS!  
OPEN FIRE!

GET THAT  
ARMOURED CAR  
QUICKLY, ROBIN,  
MY SON!



THE MOLOTOV COCKTAIL FLUNG BY FORD'S EXPERT HAND LANDED BENEATH THE ARMoured CAR. FLAME CAUGHT THE PETROL— AND THEN . . .



RIDDLED AND SMASHED, THE NAZI CONVOY WAS WRECKED. WHOOPING SAVAGE TRIUMPH, THE GREEK GUERRILLAS SWOOPED ON THE TREASURE LORRY . . .

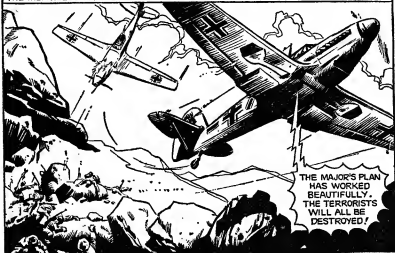




ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY, A SWARM OF MESSERSCHMITT 109s SWOOPED OUT OF THE SKY, SCOURING THE ROAD WITH CANNON AND MACHINE GUN FIRE.



BUT BEFORE THEY COULD REACH ANY COVER, MANY OF THE GUERRILLAS FELL UNDER THE MERCILESS HAMMER OF NAZI GUNS . . .



YET THE IRON COURAGE AND DETERMINATION OF GREGOS BROUGHT A HANDFUL OF HIS MEN OUT OF THAT MASSACRE.



BUT THE GIANT GREEK LEADER DROVE HIS MEN ON RELENTLESSLY . . .

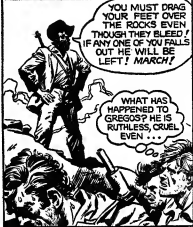
FASTER - FASTER !  
WE MUST BREAK OUT OF  
THE TRAP THE NAZIS  
HAVE SET FOR US - OR  
ALL IS LOST !



WITH THE LASH OF HIS TONGUE,  
GREGOS KEPT THEM MOVING WHEN  
BODIES AND MINDS WERE PAST  
ENDEAVOUR . .

YOU MUST DRAG  
YOUR FEET OVER  
THE ROCKS EVEN  
THOUGH THEY BLEED !  
IF ANY ONE OF YOU FALLS  
OUT HE WILL BE  
LEFT ! MARCH !

WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED TO  
GREGOS ? HE IS  
RUTHLESS, CRUEL  
EVEN . . .



SAMOS, GREGIOS' BROTHER, WAS THE FIRST TO BREAK . . .

I CANNOT  
GO ON ! I CANNOT  
MARCH ANY  
MORE !

YOU'LL MARCH  
IF I HAVE TO WHIP  
YOU INTO MOVING ! STAND  
UP, SAMOS, AND BE A  
MAN ! I AM IN COMMAND  
HERE AND YOU WILL  
DO AS I SAY -  
MARCH !

NOW I KNOW  
WHERE I'VE  
HEARD THAT TONE  
OF VOICE BEFORE  
- SERGEANT  
ROYAL !





AS HE TOILED AND SWEATED, ROBIN FORD REALISED, AT LAST, SOMETHING OF THE TRUTH OF COMMAND.

GREGOS IS DRIVING HIS MEN JUST LIKE SERGEANT ROYAL DID. WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH YOU HAVE TO DRIVE THEM! AND I KILLED SERGEANT ROYAL...



AT LAST, THAT TERRIBLE ORDEAL ENDED. THE GUERRILLAS REACHED THE COAST — AND OTHER RESISTANCE FIGHTERS.

AH! HERE ARE OUR FRIENDS! NOW WE CAN REST FOR A WHILE.



IT IS ONLY THANKS TO YOU, GREGOS, THAT WE ESCAPED!

YES, ROBIN MY SON, I FORCED MY MEN TO MARCH. A LEADER MUST DRIVE SOME MEN AND OTHERS HE CAN LEAD. I KNOW YOU UNDERSTAND THAT...

YES, I SEE THAT NOW...



## To Strike Again

AS THE GREEKS INTERMINGLED, ALL THE SHAME AND GUILT HE FELT ABOUT SERGEANT ROYAL'S DEATH FLOODED BACK TO ROBIN FORD.



THAT NIGHT, AS THE LOCAL GREEKS MET THE COMMANDOS AND GUIDED THEM ASHORE, GREGOS AND HIS MEN LAY SILENTLY OVERLOOKING THE GERMAN AERODROME.



BUT AS THE GUERRILLAS STORMED IN TO THE ATTACK, HE SLIPPED AND FOUND HIMSELF LEFT HELPLESSLY BEHIND.



GRITTING HIS TEETH AGAINST THE PAIN, HE HOBBOLED AFTER HIS GREEK COMRADES . . .



A SUDDEN STRIDENT CHALLENGE RANG OUT IN THE DARKNESS AND HE DROPPED INSTINCTIVELY TO COVER.



NEXT MOMENT, A SUB MACHINE GUN STAMMERED FRENZIEDLY — AND ROBIN FORD ALMOST UTTERED A CRY OF RELIEF AS HE REALISED THAT THE GERMAN WAS THE TARGET.



QUICKLY AND SILENTLY, AS GREGOS HAD TAUGHT HIM, FORD SLID DOWN BESIDE THE DARK FIGURE SHOOTING AT OTHER GERMANS WHO WERE CONVERGING ON THE SCENE.



ROBIN FORD TURNED AND STARED AT THE OTHER IN AMAZEMENT.

SERGEANT ROYAL! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD! I THOUGHT I'D KILLED YOU!



THE GERMAN ATTACK WAS INCREASING IN INTENSITY...

HERE THEY COME AGAIN!  
I'VE WORK TO DO, FORD!

WHAT D'YOU THINK I'VE BEEN DOING  
SINCE YOU SCUTTLED OUT OF GREECE?  
I'VE BEEN FIGHTING THE NAZIS! ME  
AND MY GREEK PALS  
HAVE BEEN HITTING  
THE JERRIES WHERE  
IT HURTS!



A SUDDEN FROSTY GLEAM SHONE IN SERGEANT ROYAL'S EYES...

WONDERS  
WILL NEVER  
CEASE! AT LAST  
YOU'RE SPEAKING  
LIKE A MAN, FORD.  
I BELIEVE YOU *HAVE*  
BEEN FIGHTING  
JERRY!

WE'LL HOLD  
THIS ATTACK OFF AND  
THEN WE'LL MAKE A  
BREAK FOR IT. I'VE GOT  
TO GET YOU BACK TO  
YOUR MATES...





BRIEFLY, THEY GLARED AT EACH OTHER...



THE GERMAN ATTACK CRUMBLLED UNDER THE PUNISHING AUTOMATIC FIRE AND THE NAZIS RETREATED. BUT ONE LAST SHOT SPANGLED VICIOUSLY FROM THE DARKNESS...



DESPITE HIS PAIN, THE SERGEANT MANAGED A FAINT TWISTED GRIN.

SORRY, SON—  
YOU'RE ON YOUR  
OWN FROM  
HERE ON.

SERGEANT,  
I'M SORRY IT  
HAD TO END  
LIKE THIS!

SOMBRELY, ROBIN  
FORD LOOKED DOWN  
AT THE MAN HE HAD  
ONCE HATED...

I UNDERSTOOD YOU TOO  
LATE, SERGEANT ROYAL.  
MAYBE THERE IS A WAY  
I CAN MAKE AMENDS  
FOR THE PAST...

LATER, ROBIN FOUND HIS WAY TO THE BEACH, WHERE THE COMMANDOS WERE EMBARKING.

JUST THE  
REVERSE, GREGG—  
YOU COULD SAY I'VE  
BEEN BORN AGAIN!  
I'VE FOUND OUT THE  
TRUTH ABOUT MYSELF—  
AND I KNOW NOW  
WHAT I MUST DO!

ROBIN!  
MY SON—WE  
HAD THOUGHT  
YOU KILLED!

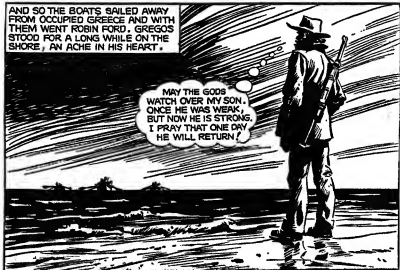




GREGOS WAS FILLED WITH PREMONITION AS HE LISTENED TO HIS ADOPTED SON . . .



AND SO THE BOATS SAILED AWAY FROM OCCUPIED GREECE AND WITH THEM WENT ROBIN FORD. GREGOS STOOD FOR A LONG WHILE ON THE SHORE, AN ACHES IN HIS HEART.



BUT BEFORE THAT DAY COULD DAWN, THERE WOULD BE MORE YEARS OF WAR... AND SERGEANT ROBIN FORD WOULD FIND MANY MEN TO TRAIN AND COMMAND. SOME OF THOSE MEN HE WOULD HAVE TO DRIVE AS HE HAD ONCE BEEN DRIVEN.



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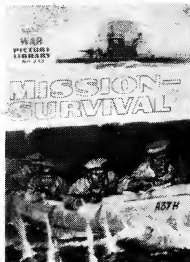
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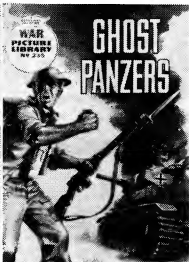
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